The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. Morthimer, Proprietor. | INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live." | $1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

VOL. VI., No. 4. | LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1877. | Single Copies, 3 cts.

Railroad Guide.

NORTH PENNA. RAILROAD.

Passengers for Philadelphia will leave Lehighton as follows:

8:47 a. m., via L. V. arrive at Phila. at 6:45 a. m.
7:43 a. m. via L. V. " " 11:35 a. m.
11:07 p. m. via L. V. " " 2:10 p. m.
2:27 p. m. via L. & S. " " 5:40 p. m.
6:29 p. m. via L. V. " " 9:50 p. m.

Returning, leave depot at Berks and American St., Phila., at 8:15 and 9:45 a. m.; 2.15, p. m.

Jan. 1, 1877. ELLIS CLARK, Agent.

PHILA. & READING RAILROAD.

Arrangement of Passenger Trains.

NOVEMBER, 5TH, 1877.

Trains leave ALLENTOWN as follows:—

(VIA PERKIOMEN BRANCH.)

For Philadelphia, at 6.50, 11.05, a.m., *3.15 and 5.55 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

For Philadelphia at 3.25 p. m.

(VIA EAST PENNA. BRANCH.)

For Reading, † 2.30, 5.50, 9.05 a m., 12.15, 2.10, 4.30 and 9.00 p.m.

For Harrisburg, 2.30 5.50, 9.05 a. m., 12.15, 4.30 9.05 p. m.

For Lancaster and Columbia, 5.50, 9.05 a.m. and 4.30 p. m.

† Does not run on Mondays.

SUNDAYS.

For Reading, 2.30 a.m. and 9.05 p m.

For Harrisburg, 2.30 a. m. and 9.05 p. m.

Trains FOR ALLENTOWN leave as follows:

(VIA PERKIOMEN BRANCH.)

Leave Philadelphia, 7.30 a. m., 1.00, *1.20 and 5.15 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Philadelphia, 8.00 a. m.

(VIA EAST PENNA. BRANCH.)

Leave Reading, 7.40, 7.45, 10.35 a m., 4.00, 6.10 and 10.30 p.m

Leave Harrisburg, 5.00, 7.30 a. m., and 1.40, 3.30 p. m.

Leave Lancaster, 7.30 a. m., and 3.25 p. m.

Leave Columbia, 7.20 a. m , and 3.15 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading, 7.20 a.m.

Leave Harrisburg, 5.2 a.m.

Trains marked thus (*) run to and from depot 9th and Green streets, Philadelphia, other trains to and from Broad street depot.

The 6.50 a. m and 5.55 p. m. trains from Allentown, and the 7.30 a. m. and 5.15 p. m. trains from Philadelphia, have through cars to and from Philadelphia.

J. E. WOOTTEN, *General Manager.*

O G HANCOCK, *Gen'l Ticket Agent.*

HENRY A. PETER,

(Successor to C. W. LENTZ),

Bank Street, Lehighton, Penn'a,

Offers to the public a full line of

Pure Drugs and Chemicals,

PATENT MEDICINES,

Horse and Cattle Medicines

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From the Cheapest Brown to the Finest Gilt.

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PLAIN & FANCY STATIONERY,

And a variety of HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES too numerous to mention, all of which he is offering at

VERY REASONABLE PRICES!

PURE WINES and LIQUORS for Medicinal and Sacramental purposes.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS carefully and accurately compounded by MYSELF, at all hours of the day and night.

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H. A. PETER,
Leuckel's Block.

March 24, 1877.

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Prices as low as elsewhere, and goods warranted as represented. July 21, 1877-3m

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Miss LYDIA P. FINCHER, of East Mauch Chunk, will give LESSONS to PUPILS on the PIANO or ORGAN, at their Residences in LEHIGHTON or WEISSPORT. Two Days in each week. For further particulars, enquire at this Office Sept. 29.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Next door to the "Carbon House."

BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.

December 16-6m.

W. M. RAPSHER,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.

Real Estate and Collection Agency. Will Buy and Sell Real Estate. Conveyancing neatly done. Collections promptly made. Settling Estates of Decedents a specialty. May be consulted in English and German. Nov. 22.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,

☞ Office:—2d floor of Rhoad's Hall,

Mauch Chunk, Pa.

All business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to.

May 27, 1y.

DANIEL KALBFUS,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

Mauch Chunk, Pa.

☞ Office, above Dolon's Jewelry Store, Broadway

JNO. D. BERTOLETTE,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

OFFICE—Corner of Susquehanna and Broadway.

MAUCH CHUNK, PENNA.

Can be consulted in German. [July 24 187

P. J. MEEHAN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Next Door to First National Bank,

MAUCH CHUNK, PA.

☞ Can be consulted in German. [jan9.

Justices and Insurance.

H. A. BELTZ,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

Obert's Building, BANK-ST., LEHIGHTON.

Conveyancing, Collecting and all other business connected with the office promptly attended to. Agent for the best Fire and Life Insurance Companies: Rents collected at reasonable charges, &c. April 7-y1

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CONVEYANCER,
AND
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT

The following Companies are Represented:

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WYOMING FIRE,
POTTSVILLE FIRE,
LEHIGH FIRE, and the TRAVELERS ACCIDENT INSURANCE,

Also Pennsylvania and Mutual Horse Thief Detective and Insurance Company.

March 29, 1873. THOS. KEMERER.

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W. A. DERHAMER, M.D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Special attention paid to Chronic Diseases.

Office: South East corner Iron and 2nd sts., Lehighton, Pa. April 3, 1875.

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W. G. M SEIPLE,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Next to E. H. Snyder's store, BANK ST.,

LEHIGHTON, PENN'A

N.B.—Special attention given to the Cure of Salt Rheum, &c. jan. 13-y

J. FRANKLIN LESH,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

(*Late Resident Physician of Harrisburg Hospital*),

OFFICE: Next door to the Union Church,

WEISSPORT, PA.

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Of the Pennsylvania Dental College, Philadelphia, has opened an office in LEHIGHTON, on BROAD STREET, next door to Snyder's store. All work warranted satisfactory.

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Hotels and Saloons.

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At his SALOON, next to Claus' Tailoring Establishment, keeps the Celebrated

Philadelphia Lager Beer

Constantly on Tap: he also keeps a full supply of Pure GERMAN WINES, Choice CIGARS, Prime Fresh OYSTERS, and other Eatables.

The patronage of the public is very respectfully invited. NATHAN KRUM.

Don't forget the place: Next door above T. D. Claus', BANK Street, Lehighton. Oct13

New Advertisements.

Wonderful, but True!

A. J. DURLING,

PROPRIETOR OF THE PEOPLE'S

Drug and Family Medicine

STORE, makes the following ANNOUNCEMENT.

Owing to the general depression in business, the great reduction of wages for labor, &c., I deem it my duty at this time to give the people of Lehighton and vicinity THE LION'S SHARE OF MY PROFITS! Read and remember the following Prices of a few of the many articles sold at my Drug Store:

PATENT MEDICINES—all $1 Preparations 80 cents, such as Vinegar Bitters, Hostetter's, Drake's Plantation, Mishler's Herb, Gorman's Bitters and all others formerly $1, now 85 cts. 50c. preparations 40c. and 25c. preparations 20c.

COLD, COUGH and LUNG REMEDIES, as Jayne's Expectorant, Hall's and Allen's Balsam, Ayers' Cherry Pectoral, Milk Cure, Cod Liver Oil, Cod Liver Oil and Lime and others formerly $1 now 85 cents.

HAIR PREPARATIONS—Hall's Hair Renewer, Montgomery's, Ayers' Hair Vigor, and Mrs. Allen's, formerly $1 now 85 cts. All 50c. preparations of above character now 40c.

LINIMENTS—Laubach's, Low's Magnetic, Donnelly's Electric, Samson Oil, Rooway's Relief, Magic Oil, Gargling Oil, Wildfire Liniment, and all others formerly 50c. now 40c.

Horse, Cattle and Chicken Powders formerly 25c. now 20c.; Durling's celebrated Condition Powders improved 25c. per pound.

Koenig's Hamburg Drops, 40c per bottle. Breast Tea, 5c. a package; Pills of all kinds formerly 25c. now 20c. per box.

PLASTERS—Ferous, Arnica, Poor Man's and all others formerly 25c. now 20c.

WORM REMEDIES—Worm Syrups, Vermifuges, Worm Lozenges and Confections formerly 25c. now 20c.

Roots, Barks, Herbs, Medical Teas, &c., &c., formerly from 10c. to 15c. per oz. now 2c. to 6c. per oz.

Castor Oil, Balsam de Malta, Essence of Peppermint, Essence of Lemon, Golden Tincture, Paregoric, and Glycerine formerly 10c to 15c. now 6c to 10c per bottle.

Everything Down! Down! Down!!

Caustic Soda, for Making Soap, from 9 cents to 10 cents per pound.

Castor Oil, strictly pure, 10c. per quart, by the gallon less.

LOOK AGAIN.—WALL PAPER, Gold Gilt Paper 40c.; Gilded Papers formerly 25c. to 35c. now 20c. White Blanks and Tints formerly 18c. to 25c. now 12c. to 15c., and Brown Backs formerly 10c. to 12c. now 7c. to 8c.

Physicians Prescriptions and Family Recipes compounded at Greatly Reduced Rates. Go or send to DURLING'S

Having had an experience of almost Twenty Years in the Drug Business, more than Ten of which have been in Lehighton, I will in the future, as I have in the past, Guarantee to all the very Best and Purest Drugs, Medicines, &c., to be found in the American Markets. I BUY FOR CASH! Dec 1-nov4

Store Stand & Dwelling

AT PUBLIC SALE.

The undersigned will offer at Public Sale, on the premises, on SECOND STREET, 2nd door from the corner of Iron Street, in the Borough of LEHIGHTON, Carbon County, Pa., on

Saturday, January 5, 1878,

commencing at TWO o'clock P. M., all that certain LOT OF GROUND, situated as above, fronting on said SECOND Street 66 feet, and containing of that width, between parallel lines, 165½ feet to an Alley, upon which is erected a large and commodious Three-Story frame

Store and Dwelling House,

77 feet front by 50 feet deep, with French Roof covered with Tin and Slate, and all necessary outbuildings. The store room is adapted to the Dry Goods, Grocery or in fact almost any other kind of mercantile business being very centrally located on one of the best business streets in the town.

The terms and conditions will be made known at time and place of sale, by

BLAS. P. KLEPPINGER,
Nov. 10, 1877-t.s. Summit Hill, Pa.

VALUABLE FARM

At Private Sale.

THE UNDERSIGNED offers at Private Sale a Valuable Farming Property, situated in BEAVER RUN VALLEY, Mahoning Township, Carbon Co., Pa., 2½ miles from Mauch Chunk and 2 miles from Lehighton, containing 18 Acres, about 3 acres of which are cleared and under a High state of cultivation, the balance being Timber Land. The Improvements thereon are a 2 story Frame Dwelling House 16x24 feet, with Kitchen attached, one Stable, and other necessary Outbuildings; also, an Orchard containing about 100 Choice Fruit Trees comprising Apple, Pear, Peach and Cherry Trees of various kinds

This property, being situated near Mauch Chunk and Lehighton, would make it a desirable place for any one wishing to engage in the Feed business, the demand for truck in the above places being always good and realizing best of prices. Beaver Run Creek flows through the property.

To any person wishing to invest in Real Estate this offers an opportunity seldom to be met with. For further particulars apply at this office, or to the owner on the premises.

HENRY TUCKER.

Sept 1, 1877—2mos.

E. F. LUCKENBACH,

Two Doors Below the "Broadway House,"

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Dealer in all Patterns of Plain and Fancy

Wall Papers,

WINDOW SHADES,

Paints & Painters' Supplies,

AT LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Jan. 27-y

BUSINESS MEN AND OTHERS IN WANT OF JOB PRINTING OF ANY DESCRIPTION, WILL FIND THE CARBON ADVOCATE OFFICE THE BEST and CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE COUNTY. GIVE US A TRIAL AND BE CONVINCED.

FRED. KELLEY

Announces to the people of Lehighton and vicinity that he is prepared to supply them with every article of

Housefurnishing Tinware,

At very lowest prices; also,

Roofing and Spouting,

In all its branches, promptly attended to at prices fully as low as the lowest. Give me a call.

STORE: Opposite the Public Square, BANK STREET LEHIGHTON, PA. July 21, '77-y

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

"A merry Christmas to you all!"
Is passing now from mouth to mouth,
From east to west, from north to south
From lowly cot and stately hall.

"A merry Christmas to us all!"
Is shouted by the cheerful host;
The windows barred against the frost,
We toast the season, great and small.

* * * *

A merry Christmas! Hush—no breath
Of revelry must pierce the gloom
Of yonder chamber—from that room
The spirit has passed out with Death.

The widow clasps her child, a kiss
Is pressed upon its rosy face;
A choking sigh—a close embrace—
"A merry Christmas?" What is this?

* * * *

"A Christmas party—let us go!"
A wand'rer hopeless drops to die;
His brothers heedless pass him by,
Half frozen in the freezing snow

* * * *

A merry Christmas! What a few
Remain of those it welcomed last;
Another year has o'er us pass'd
And left us, wife, the only two.

The childish laugh we held so dear.
The toys that made us once more young,
The infant arms that round us clung,
Have vanish'd with the passing year.

* * * *

But Christmas merry is—and those
Who strive to make it so do well;
For who can ever fitly tell
What comfort from this season flows?

"A merry Christmas!" let us bless
The season when our Lord was born;
And doubly bless the Christmas morn
That gave us "Christ our Righteousness."

"A merry Christmas to you all!"
Let it resound from mouth to mouth,
From east and west to north and south,
To humble cot to stately hall.

A CHRISTMAS REMINISCENCE.

I am an editor; and one bitter cold morning, a few days before Christmas, in the year 18—, I sat as usual at my desk. Among the heap of manuscripts I was daily compelled to examine—many of them desultory, untidy, and unstitched, defiant of spelling, subversive of grammar, and with neither beginning, middle or end—was one, written on the softest cream-laid French white paper, in a childish lady's hand, on lines which had been carefully erased afterwards. It was a little story of no great literary merit, but there was an aroma of youth and of sweetness in every line. There was a promise in it. It was like the light in the sky before the sun had risen on a fine day—an omen, a portent of sunshine and warmth, but no more. I put it down as if I had touched the petal of a rose. There was a tiny scented note beside it—of course full of italics:

"DEAR MR. EDITOR: I send you a little story. I am only sixteen, and papa and mamma do not know *anything* about it, but please tell me if it is worth anything. I *want* it to be printed; I *want* to be paid for it. It is not for myself, though, but I want the money to give my dear little brother a nice little birthday present. I am, dear Mr. Editor, yours, etc., EMILY ——."

Then came the address and signature. The writing of the note was less neat and regular than the manuscript. But there was the same fragrance of dainty youth about it.

I held it a long time in my hand. I am an old man; at all events middle-aged, perhaps something more; but my heart is younger than my appearance. Little distillations came, or seemed to come, from the paper I held. It was with no common feeling of interest that I sat down and wrote my answer to the note. I returned the manuscript, but I wrote gently and tenderly. I gave it as my hope and my opinion that, with a little more care and study, the youthful writer would achieve a success. I even promised to print that identical manuscript if it were a little revised or corrected, and I pointed out how it might be made available. I opened the window of my den after I had written my note. The weeds piercing through the flags below had a less dreary look than they had ever had before; a gleam of sunshine shone on them, and their frosty verdure borrowed something of Picciola brightness from it. I posted my letter and the manuscript to the address named, and went home, wondering if ever I should hear from the writer again. With that, however, all thoughts of the manuscript passed away. The author was too timid to reply.

On Christmas Eve I was asked as usual to dine with an old friend of mine at St. John's Wood. He was a married man, with a pleasant comely wife, and several small children, male and female.

"The children are not coming down to dinner," said my hostess, "for they are going to give us a surprise afterwards."

I bowed and was delighted, both at the anticipation of pleasure to come, and of privation for the first time of considerable present annoyance. I need not say I was then a bachelor. When we went up stairs after dinner, we found the folding-doors which divided the front from the back room closed.

They were opened after a while. The Christmas hymn was sung, and a tree of the most brilliant splendor was revealed; on its branches were hung gifts worked and embroidered by the children for their parents. The three little girls and their governess had done it all.

While my friend and his wife were embracing and thanking the children, I had time to notice the governess. She was very young, almost a child herself. A mass of bright hair was gathered up in great waves at each side of her head, and fastened in a loose thick loop behind. The bright curls were so arranged as to reveal the ear. The ear and cheek were, I should rather say they are like those painted by Leighton in his "Painter's Honeymoon." Need I say more of their ravishing loveliness? But the pretty blue eyes looked as if they had cried a good deal, and there had been recent tears, for the eyelids were somewhat swollen. She was not sad, however, for she played on the piano for the children and for me, their old godfather, to dance to, and she joined with us in a game of blind man's buff. When the children retired, she retired also.

"What a charming person," I said.

"She is most excellent," said my friend.

"Although she is so young, Miss—— is the bread provider of the family. Her father and mother have, according to the cant phrase, seen better days; in fact, they are people of good birth, and once had a good fortune. They have a son and daughter; the son is a fine fellow also. Both the son and daughter give the greater part of their earnings to their parents; but the son has not been very fortunate. My little governess, she is only seventeen, (my children are so young they do not require a prim regular governess,) does more with her salary, mediocre as it is, than her brother can do with his hard work. He is a clerk in a bank."

"And she helps him also, I suppose?"

"I dare say she does, but I have never inquired, for she is full of reticence and reserve on these points, I only know she would set up all night, and work like a horse all day, to help both her parents and her brother. She is going home to-morrow; and he, I fear, cannot afford the expense of the journey. The parents live now in Scotland."

"Could we not help him?" I said, bashfully.

My friend smiled. Both brother and sister spent Christmas at home.

My good fortune threw me a good deal after this with my friend's governess. Must I say from that Christmas Eve I was never heart whole?

The following Easter we were engaged, and before the Christmas Eve which followed we were married. What an aim and a hope my life has now acquired!

We have a little suburban home, and I leave my wife every morning to pursue my editorial labors, and return every evening, forgetting my work and my worries, knowing that the sweetest heart and the fairest face I have ever known await me in my modest but happy home. I never heard again from the author of the manuscript which had so much interested me; and, true to tell, had never thought of her since that Christmas Eve. Two or three years have passed since then, and we have two babies.

Their mother is always playing with them. She often puts her delicate, slender white hands under my baby girl's foot, and the baby makes believe to stand on it. What a picture it is; it is like a rose-bud laid on a white camelia.

As I walked up and down the room reading a scratchy, scrawly manuscript, and fumbling over it in desperation, for the tiresome person who had sent it had by some ingenious carelessness muleted it of its last page, my thoughts flew far and wide, and, by some association I cannot attempt to explain, the pretty manuscript from the youthful writer who had sent me no more was recalled to me.

Unconsciously the manuscript I held faded from my mind, and the other was present with me. I wondered what had become of her—had she written any more? where and how was she?

Every moment I became more and more possessed with the memory. I was so happy myself that I felt for all who seemed to have care and struggle in their lives, I looked out the address to which I had written before, and wrote to the unknown a few lines. I said that time had passed, that the youthful inexperience which had prevented the paper she had sent from being accepted must now be corrected, and that I should be glad and willing to see anything else she had written, if she had written anything since then.

Within a few days I had an answer. The writing was in a feigned hand, quite unlike the round, hesitating, girlish hand I remembered. The words were, however, as sweet and innocent as the first had been. The note ran as follows:

"It is so good of you to remember me, but I do not write anymore. I am so happy. I have a dear, good, noble husband. [Oh, these womanly exaggerations, I thought, as I sat in my editorial chair]. And such darling babies! I wrote, for I wanted to help my dear ones, but they have been better helped by others than I could ever have hoped to help them. God has given them a better friend than I could be. If you seek to know me, you shall do so. If when you go home you see a woman with a rose in her hand, hold out yours. You will know me."

I smiled at the romantic fervor of this reply, and a faint desire arose that my wife and the writer of the letter should know each other, and then I went on with my stupifying avocations.

As I went home, I confess I looked about for a woman with a rose in her hand, but, as might naturally be supposed, neither in cabs nor omnibuses did such an apparition manifest itself.

As I entered my own door I gave an impatient shrug at the idea of having been the subject of a foolish jest. But whom did I see standing within the threshold of my home? My darling, with her fair, child-like face and bright hair; love, and joy, and youth crowning her with a triple crown, and in her hand was a rose!

"Dear husband," she said as I kissed her, "I think I loved you from the moment I had your kind indulgent, thoughtful note. I had written that absurd little story for I sadly wanted a little money to pay for Gerald's return home at Christmas, to be with papa and mamma, and I had a foolish notion I could write."

"And you were disappointed, my pet. What a savage I must have seemed!"

"No; I felt how foolish I had been, and I cried heartily, but I thought you good and kind all the same. And Gerald got home, too, and we had a happy Christmas after all."

I kissed her.

"But are you never going to write a story for my magazine again?"

"I do not know," she said, archly.

"Meanwhile, you can write ours, if you like."

STATE NEWS.

—At Lebanon poultry is selling as low as five cents a pound.

—In four years the number of taxables of Williamsport has increased 305.

—A movement is on foot to change the name of Phœnixville to Phœnix City.

—Four children of James Stephenson, of Kittanning, have recently died of diphtheria.

—A horse thief, recently captured in Perry county, proved to be the brother of the owner of the stolen horse.

—Eighteen inmates of the Bucks county jail were taken to the Eastern Penitentiary, recently, in one day.

—Patrick Green, aged 70 years, was killed on the railroad, in Cambria county, on Wednesday of last week.

—William H. Byers, a Pittsburg house builder, is reported to have disappeared with over $20,000 of other people's money.

—James R. Harvey, of Sewickly township, Allegheny county, is 102 years old. His father fought in Washington's army.

—Mrs. Dennis Gardner, of Osceola, Clearfield county, returned home, after a brief absence, to find her little child burned to a crisp.

—Calvin Fisher, aged fourteen years, was tried in Mercer county for the murder of his father. The jury acquitted him without leaving the box.

—William Charles, of Holidaysburg, aged ten years, stabbed a companion in the eye with a knife, destroying its sight. The boys had been quarreling.

—A small son of Mr. Kelley, living near Larimer station, Westmoreland county leveled a loaded gun at his sister, and fired. She died in about an hour.

—George H. Dunbar, over a year past employed in the United States mint at Philadelphia left his home on the 5th inst., since which nothing has been heard of him.

—The Methodists of Philadelphia have, south of Vine street and east of the Schuylkill, sixty-five churches, ten parsonages and eighteen cemeteries. The total value of the property is estimated at $1,524,880.

—A recent issue of the Greensburg *Argus* states "that sometime during the holidays Lieut. Gov. Latta will lead to hymen's altar one of Eve's fairest and most accomplished daughters—a resident of this vicinity."

—John Young, James Casey, William Rivers, George Kent, William Davis and William Masters, convicted of horse stealing and other offences in the Allegheny county court, have each been sentenced to six years and nine months in the penitentiary.

—The farmers in the western part of the State are enforcing the law of 1760, which imposes a penalty for hunting on another's land without license from the owner, or on any person who "shall presume to fire a gun on or near any of the King's highways."

—The Pittsburg Chamber of Commerce have passed resolutions asking the United States Government, in view of the destitution prevailing in that city, to commence at once the erection of the custom house, post office and United States court buildings, the land for which has already been acquired and paid for.

—The Commissioners appointed to erect a new State insane asylum have agreed with the architects to pay them the sum of $12,000 for working plans, etc., the architects to appoint a superintendent, who is to receive $2,500 the first year and $2,000 the second, after which the payment is to be according to future agreement.

—In Susquehanna county Ed. Brandow, who was hunting with two companions, lost his life recently under the following circumstances: Coming to an apple tree he raised his gun and used it to knock off an apple. The hammer caught on a twig, and the load was discharged into his breast, killing him instantly.

—The women of Mt. Morris, Greene county, have taken in hand the task of raising stock subscriptions to aid in the extension of the Pittsburg and Castle Shannon narrow guage railroad through that section. Mrs. Lucretia Morris, aged eighty-eight (she and her husband were the original proprietors of the town), presided at a recent public meeting, and headed the subscription list. The committee appointed, composed of women, announced their purpose to raise $20,000 as a Christmas offering to the railroad.